

Remember this moon - shining  
through a creamy atmosphere -  
rising up the sky - the glistering in  
the leaves shining with dew, as it  
were a tear in the eye of nature -  
in trees, discoloured and drooping -  
pulsating upward and upward  
through an atmosphere in pro-  
phaned by day - swept by the dew.  
What self-healing in nature!

July 12 '52 Evening River bank  
above R.R.

I go to walk at twilight - at the  
same time that toads go to their walks  
and are seen hopping about the  
side-walks on the porch. Now, a  
quarter of nine, as I walk along  
the river bank long after starlight  
and perhaps an hour or more after  
sunset, I see some of those high, pillared  
clouds of the day in the sky, still re-  
flecting a downy light from the  
regions of day, the one so high. It  
is a pleasing reminiscence of the  
day in the midst of the deepening  
shadows of the night.

The few bugs hum around me



as I sit on the river bank beyond  
the ash tree <sup>where the road falls at night to the river</sup>  
warm as is the night - one of  
the warmest in the whole year -  
there is an aurora, a low arc of  
a circle, in the north.

The twilight ends, & night as  
about 1/4 before 10.

July 20<sup>th</sup> 52

The bullfrog trumps after sundown - few  
fireflies - Last trace of day light about  
10 o'clock. (The sun sets at 7:30 - 8:00)

July 20<sup>th</sup> 53 Fairly hot

moon up full yesterday -  
The moon is now eclipsed by a vast  
black bank of cloud in the east  
horizon, which seems to me farther  
than it, and threatens to obscure  
it all the night.

I see a low mist rising in the distance  
meadow as I approach the river side -  
but it is not so perceptible when  
I am on the water.

In one place I row through  
a thin low mist about as high  
as my head, and now I come to  
a place where there is no mist either



created it — but now she has  
triumphed over it & eclipsed it  
with her light. It has vanished  
like an ugly dream. Is it  
ever with evils triumphed over — & yet  
behind us — still remembering that  
it is not so much the triumph  
as some star for us —

What was at first a huge dark  
cloud in the east which threatened  
to eclipse the moon the triumph night,  
is now suddenly become a filmy  
vapor, not easy to be detected in  
the sky — lit by her rays

She comes on thus magnifying her  
dangers by her light — at first  
revealing — displaying them in all  
their hugeness & blackness — enveloping  
them — then casting them behind  
into the light concealed. She goes  
on her way triumphing through the  
clear sky, like a moon which was  
threatened by dark clouds at her rising  
but rose above them.

That black impenetrable bank  
which threatened to be the ruin of all  
my hopes — is now a filmy dash of  
vapor with a faint purplish tinge  
far in the orient sky.

From the hill top I see  
a few distant lights in farm houses  
down below; It is hard to tell where;  
yet the one more surely revealed than the  
day light. But cottage lights are not



July 20  
on the river or meadow, where  
apparently a slight wind stirs.

The gentle rustling of the leaves  
on shore is 'very enlivening, as if  
nature were freshening & awakening  
to some enterprise. There is 'but little  
wind - but this incessant stirring  
of the leaves at a little distance  
along the shore is 'very inspiring.  
This 'like an awakening dawn or  
awakening of nature to some great  
purpose

As I go up the hill I smell  
the sweet-briar. The trees are  
now heavy dark masses, with-  
out tracing, as was in 'spring or  
early in 'June.

Suddenly <sup>the</sup> (the moon) rose above  
the clouds, and when a few mo-  
ments after I think I look again  
for the threatening cloud bank,  
it has vanished, or a mere filmy  
outline only can be faintly traced  
beneath her. It was only the eclipse  
of her light which it was made  
this evil look so huge & threatening  
- for it seemed to threaten her, as  
often we struggle with her splendor alone



created it — but now she has  
triumphed over it & eclipsed it  
with her light. It has vanished  
like an ugly dream. Is it  
ever with evils triumphed over — & left  
behind us — still remembering that  
it is not so much we that triumph  
as some star for us —

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cloud in the east which threatened  
to eclipse the moon the victory night,  
is now suddenly become a filmy  
vapor, not easy to be detected in  
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their hugeness & blackness — exag-  
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a few distant lights in farm houses  
down below; It is hard to tell where;  
yet the one more surely revealed than by  
day-light. But cottage lights are not



condemnation were as in the au-  
tumn.

As I was looking off from the hill  
a bird flew across the disk of the  
moon. I see 2 skunks, carrying  
their tails about some rocks. Singu-  
lar that of all unanimated creation  
chiefly these skunks should be abroad  
in this moon-light. This ~~may be~~

This may be called the mid-sum-  
mer night's moon.

I have come round to the east side  
of the hill, & see the moon from amid  
the trees, and ~~standing~~ <sup>to light</sup> along the  
ground before me while it is hidden  
behind them on one side.

This cool, methinks with a pecu-  
liar cooling, <sup>as when in June</sup> as if ~~it~~ were from the  
luxuriance of the foliage, & ~~as~~  
there is a greater contrast between  
night & day now, reminding me  
that even in Hindostan they pierce  
ice in summer & shatter vessels  
at night.

There is a mist very generally  
dispersed, which gives a certain  
<sup>creamy</sup> mellowness to the light. a waving-  
ness? apparently. Yet it is a cold almost  
white on the ground.



There are a few pickers about the  
men: light looks green sometimes.  
And crickets are heard. You are  
pretty sure also to hear some hu-  
man music, vocal or instrumental,  
far or near.

The names of the trees &  
bushes would be called black, if  
our knowledge that they are leaves  
did not make us call them dark  
green.

I do not know but water lilies  
are peculiarly handsome by moonlight.  
Seeing the moon rising through them  
the form of their leaves. I feel some  
of the roots & perceive their bracing  
aromatic scent. I also detect the  
fragrance of calaminth.

Returning I hear from  
the bushes along the shore a  
faint everlasting, fine song  
from some small crickets or  
locusts perhaps, which I regarded  
the darkness I might reveal.

Of loud sounds the trumpet  
bull-boys is the chief.

A hat hovers above the  
boat. How oily smooth the water!  
The apparent depth where stars are



reflected might frighten one unused  
to behold it.

These yellow house & garden  
seen rising beyond the oily moonlit  
water - on whose surface the  
cicling insects are like sparks of fire,  
are like Italian dwellings on the  
shore of an Italian lake.

When I have left the boat  
& the river, ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> looking back  
from the bank I am surprised  
to see that the water is 'wholly  
concealed under a white mist', though  
it was scarcely perceptible when I  
was in its midst.

July 21<sup>st</sup> '51 8 1/2

The village streets are much more  
interesting to me at this hour of a  
summer evening than by day. Neigh-  
bors, & also farmers, come a shopping  
after their day's haying, are chatting in  
the street, and I hear the sound of  
many musical instruments and of  
singing from various houses. For a  
short hour or two the inhabitants  
are sensibly employed.  
The evening is devoted to poetry - such  
as the villagers can appreciate.



July 21<sup>st</sup> 52

To come Spring  
new moon.

I see the earliest star 15 or 20 minutes before the red is 'deeper' in the horizon. I mean the atmospheric redness. It is not generally i.e. conspicuously star light till that begins to fade. Perchance it is not true & light a candle till then, for some darkness should intervene & separate between day & night. This redness is at first intense as reflected in the river, as when you look into the horizon with inverted head all colors are intensified.

So we perceive such a deep Indian red after the first star light at every other season, as now in July?

The whippoorwill began to sing at earliest twilight.

How far we smell carrion at night! A dead cow lies by the shore under a fair haven nearly half a mile above this causeway. When I passed here at earliest starlight I did not smell it, but now returning half an hour later it taints the atmosphere of the causeway from one end to the other, borne down over the meadows in the damp air, and I am obliged to hurry over.

July 27 52 The bull frog trumpet just before the earliest star. Have I heard one before lately?

July 26<sup>th</sup> 52 10 pm. I see high columns of fog formed in the lowlands & drift of the morning - preparing to change the higher ground. It is a 7<sup>th</sup> the the reaches the solid ground then for the mountains of the west.